THE MIRROUR OF MERCY IN THE *MIDST OF MISERY*:

OR,

Life triumphant in Death, wherein Free-will is abolished, and Free-grace exalted.

WITH

The large wonders of Loves wounds.

Written in a fit of Sicknesse,

By JEREMIAH RICH.

LONDON,

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To the Right Honourable, the Lord JOHN BRADSHAW.

Have read of ſome of the Saints of old, that have prayed for life, as *David* and *Hezekiah*; others that have deſired to be diſſolved, as *Paul* and *Eliah*; yet thoſe that deſired to dye, had abundance of contentment here, and the others that laboured for life, had aſſurance of glory hereafter. Alas my life was not worthy the name of life, 'twas not a life, 'twas but a piece of childhood throwne away; yet in my ſickneſſe I deſired to eſcape death, by dying daily, ſince I have been taught, that he that is dead while he lives, ſhall live when he dyes.

How direfull are the thoughts of Death! how grievous the remembrance of the Grave! yet when we call to minde how it was ſweetned by our deare Saviour, methinkes

Death is not ſo dreadfull, nor Life ſo deſireable: Death is but a freedome from danger, and the bank of Rottenneſſe, is now a bed of Roſes, where Innocency may dwell ſecure, nothing aſſaults us there; I have thought to dye, is leſſe than to be borne, 'tis a quiet reſting from all Iniquity, a concluſion of troubles, an end of fiery trialls, where in duſt we ſhall be loſt a while, as is the Sun, that muſt permit the baſe and ſordid Earth to ſmother up his Glory for a night, that the next morning when he ariſes, as from a bed of Roſes burniſh'd in all his bravery, he might be the more wondred at; ſo when our hearts are pure, and when our ſighs are paſt, and when our griefes are gone, and when our wiped eyes ſhall weep no more, then (nor will it be long) we ſhall be ſnatcht up from the converſations of Sinners, to the habitations of Angels, where Mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up of Life.

May it pleaſe your Honour, I thought to have done ſomething in anſwer to Free-will, but that I wanted Free-will to doe it, therefore I have left the Matter almoſt as imperfect as the Author, yet had I had time, I had either added more, or have done this better.

As

As it is, I humbly offer it to your Honour for a *Memento mori*, that when we put off our garments of Mortality, we may launch into the gulf of ever blessed Eternity; I meane at that time, when we have time to say no more, but *in manus tuas domine commendo spiritum meum.*

Your Lordships devoted Servant.

Jer: Rich.

To

TO THE LADIES AND *Gentlewomen of* ENGLAND.

IT hath been reported by some, (who have had more vices in their mouths, than vertues in their mindes,) that what Books I have printed formerly, were not mine owne; because (they have said) my countenance doth not promise so much. I could answer them, but I will not brawle with such poore blasts, for Solomon *saith,* that which is done, hath been done, and there is no new thing under the Sun; *therefore since my adversaries have not wit enough to rule like Judges on the Bench, I will let them braul like Prisoners at the Bar: I confesse Righteousness doth crosse the recreations of the rich, and Purity is against the opinion of the poore; Piety hath been*

been estranged from Princes, and Poetry is a mysterie to Pedlers, therefore my Poems are unfit for the Pockets of the one, or the Pallats of the other. Indeed though I have been perswaded by some eminent persons, yet I never did intend to write againe, till Providence gave me such an occasion to Pen my strange recovery from Death, which I have vowed to beare about me, as a perpetuall memoriall.

Thus from the secresies of night, have I stolne Time from sleep, to picture out from my retired thoughts, the melancholy of my minde.

And Ladyes I present it to you.

It is a Maske of Cupid *and Death; you cannot run from the one, though you may raile at the other; and you will have no reason, for though the first part be fearfull, the last is delightfull, that if one cannot winne you, the other may wound you; let it lie in your laps, and at least be read by your lips, or hold it in your hands, till you have it in your hearts, that it may help to make you lovely with inward graces, when age and sicknesse with their ashy hands, have swept the beauty from your amorous eyes.*

Jeremiah Rich.

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The mirrour of MERCY IN *The midst of* MISERY.

WHen Kingly *Phœbus* drove his Chariot (downe
Into the Southern Kingdomes, there (to crowne
Those People with his glory, when the Aire
Was cold, intemperate, neither foule nor faire,
But wond'rous various, and the Earth the whiles,
Casts off her amorous glaunces and sweet smiles,
Her costly Ornaments, Livery of Greene,
Her Robes of Gallantry, and lies unseen,
Lamenting for her Lover, when she feeles
Delay waites on his absent Chariot wheeles:
Just then it was, when *Titan*'s Throne was gone,
And *Cynthia* doth possesse the darkned throne,
Usurping to her selfe halfe of the yeare,
And rules it with her sable Hemisphere.

When

When you might ſee Nights Empreſs ride in ſtate,
And all the Starres and Royall Armies wait
Upon her high Commands, when you might ſee
The Giant *Orien* in the Canopie,
Walking the nightly Circles, as if none
But he ſhould rule the World; Nights ſable Throne
Is drawne by winged *Pegaſus*, and ſhee
With *Cyrenus*, *Procean*, and *Andromache*
Rides o're the milky way, when *Sol* retires,
To light the World with their dim feeble Fires.
It was *October*, and the very day
Sol entred into *Scorpio*, then I ſay,
When all my Actions were unſound, uneven,
Me thoughts I heard a threatning from Heaven,
Which fill'd my troubled fancy full of feares,
And ringed Deaths Alarum in mine eares.
Am I a God? and did I raiſe this World
From her firſt Chaos, to have blackneſſe hurld
Againſt my ſparkling Throne? Shall my pure eyes
Behold theſe Sinnes and baſe enormities
Without revenge? What! did my fingers frame
This Univerſe for th' glory of my name,
And made Man Lord of all, that he might be
In a capacity to honour me?
And am I thus rewarded? I'le goe ſpurne
Away the World, her glory, and I'le turne
Time from his Chariot wheeles, I'lle rend in ſunder
Her Axletrees, and with a clap of Thunder,
I'le puffe this ſpacious Fabrick aſide:
And blaſt theſe mortalls in their height of pride.

At

At this I ſtarted: my diſtemper'd braines
Did ake, my head was tortered with great paines,
My body ſhivered, and my blood did boyle,
Like fiery *Ætna*, or the burning oyle
That Drunkards quaffe in Hell, my heart was faint,
My tongue too weake to utter a complaint,
Though I were full; I knew not what to ſay,
Nor ſcarce could tell where 'twas my torment lay.
Sometimes I burnt like the Promethean Fire
That came from Heaven, and ſometimes my deſire
Cool'd as the angry North, when *Jove* makes bold
To cloath the Univerſe with freezing cold.
Sometimes I was in Heaven, or elſe not farre
Below it, where I ſaw each wandring Starre
Move in their ſeverall Orbs: Sometimes mine eyes
Beheld great wonders, as if all the Skies
Were pav'd with Pearles and Rubies, then I'de run
To view the glittering Palace of the Sun;
Where I beheld how *Phœbus* drove his throne
Over the Spangled vault, and I made moane
He went ſo ſwift away with hot deſire,
Laſhing his Horſe with whips of flaming Wier.
Then to the middle Region of the Aire
My fancy would retire, to view the rare
Agreement of the Elements, how they
Keep in their bounds, and every houre obey
The Ordinance of Heaven, and then my minde
Would thinke how clouds rode on the winged winde.
Now horrid *Æolus* who is heard too oft,
And wide-mouth'd *Boreas* raiſes ſtormes aloft;

The sable Clowds have blotted all the Skies;
And to the apprehension of all eyes
Have banish'd the Sunnes glory, all is black
With angry Clowds, the Poles do seem to crack,
The Axeltrees to rend, the Fabrick shakes
The Exalations, and the Vapours makes
The flashy Lightnings and the Winds to flie,
With Thunder-bolts from *Jove's* Artillerie.
Then, on the suddaine, all is hush and gone,
And smiling *Phœbus* in his kingly Throne:
The roaring Thunder now is quite given o're
And angry *Jove* will fire his Guns no more:
Neptune appeares to calme the swel'ing maine,
Delus and *Boreas* now are friends againe;
The Clowds are vanish'd, and the Heavens do smile,
As if they did but fright us all this while;
And all was done in jest, but to invoak
Us to believe a God, with that I 'woke.
What horrid shape is that, that calls dim Night
To hide my torments, that abjure the light?
With that like thunder, or like flashy fire,
His fury rose, Wherefore dost thou inquire?
Sayes he, I am the King of feares, and I
Was sent with summons from Eternity:
I dwell in that dark Vault where the black line
Of Death is drawne, where *Pluto*, *Proserpine*,
Proud *Beelzebub*, and *Mephestophilus*,
Pale-fac'd Oblivion, horrid *Cerberus*,
Millions of Haggs and fearefull Furies haunt,
Grim *Charon*, and the churlish Rhadamant,

Where

Where *Etna*'s hill doth pour her hideous flames
Into the ſtarry Region, and proclaims.
A terrour to the world, by ſoaring higher
Than flaſhy lightening or feeble fier;
While the amazed Marriner from a farre,
Looking aloft admires what blazing Stares
Threatens the aged Moon, becauſe they be
Fearfull fore-runners of a tragedie.

At this I turn'd my face, and wept, till all
My cheeke were bath'd; and is my Funeraill
So ſuddainly to be, and is there none
Will ſend a ſigh to heaven, a tear, a grone?
Will no one begg for me that heaven would ſtay
His hand a while and give me longer day?
Unhappy mother, where are all your gaines?
Poore ſatisfaction for your nine moneths paines;
Was it for nought but this? oh rather why
Did I not weep a ſhower of teares, and die
Within my Nurſes armes? Then might I have
No foſtering, but a cradle and a grave.

Oh beauteous Innocence, how bleſt art thou!
Sweet Vertue too! oh might I tarry now!
How ſhould I love thee! then I ſhould not feare
To flie into the boſome of my Deare:
Where lifted up, raviſht I ſhould behold
That ſhining City built of burniſht gold,
Like to tranſparent glaſs, then ſhould I dare
To travaile through the dwellings of the aire,
To immortality, where I might ſee,
Wonders deny'd to our capacity;

here is perpetuall Youth, perpetuall Spring,
o evening cold, no heat, nor no ſuch thing
s time or feeble age, nor timorous feare,
nvy, deceipt and pride are ſtrangers there.
here is no dread of horror to perplexe,
o poverty to curb, no care to vexe,
o feare of Theeves to rob, no Moth to ruſt,
o winking fraud, no trembling diſtruſt;
o trading there, nor trafi.king for toyes,
ut every man his owne deſires enjoyes.
here troops of glorious Angels ſhall ſurprize
Having rare pleaſures ſitting on their eyes)
he new-come Soule, in white tranſparant vailes
eſembling Snow, their garments deckt with trailes
f Orient Pearle, with which you may behold
right Diamonds, their girdles are of Gold;
heir eyes like morning rayes, but ſhine more rare,
ke threds of fringed Gold, their frizled haire,
heir countenances ſweet, where Love incloſes
he Lillies with a bed of fragrant Roſes,
nd ſend a thouſand thouſand graces downe
rom their faire eyes, to welcome me, and crowne
ly Soule with endleſſe pleaſures, and delights
f rarities their Snowy hands invites
o their rare walkes, where that Immortal love,
ts richly ſhadowed in a hallowed grove:
here pleaſures ſtill are length'ned with device,
heir food is ſwelling fruit of Paradice;
Where on a banke of Violets our eares,
hall drinke the raviſhing muſick of the ſpheres:

While

While we ſing Hallelujahs to't, and cry
No Joy ; no triumph to Eternity.
Oh ! If the King of Heaven would pleaſe to ſmile,
And to my dayes adde but a little while ;
A little, little longer, that poor I
Might learne to live before I come to dye,
How ſhould I prize it ? then with regenerate feare,
Would I gbe bathe my eye-lids with a teare
For my black crimes; how ſhould I ſlight this ball
Of Earth, and tread, and trample upon all
The glory of the world : then ſhould my dayes
Be paſt in purity, and ſpent in praiſe :
But now I ſee my labouring ſands are run
From times ſwift houre glaſſe ; the dayes bright Sun
Is hurryed to the ſhades, where envious night
Will hide the luſtre of his glorious light ;
And now 'tis vaine for me thus to implore,
I muſt be gone and ſhall ſee Man no more.
Death.] I have out-ſtayed my patience, let's away
Together, yonder comes the dawning day,
And ſtill we linger on, ceaſe thy vaine prayers,
They are too tedious, and my waighty affaires
Will not admit delay ; thy weake deſire
Is vaine, thus, thus I'le quench my flameing Ire.
Time.] Hold, I command thee hold, or by my powers,
Yeares, ages, ſeaſons, moneths, dayes, minutes, houres:
And by the ſpangled Palace of the Sun,
By all their glories, ere my glaſſe is run,
Strike if thou dar'ſt ſtrike ; look here this hand,
Hath brought from heaven, a powerful countermand.

I'le puff thy power away, and banish thee
To that low vault of black eternity;
Stand back, or to the shades thou shalt be hurld,
I'le make thee cease triumphing o're the world.
At this Death vanisht; and who ever saw
Those timerous people, that were struck in awe
With that great Comet, that did once appeare
Within the Horizon of our Hemisphere,
May guesse how we all wondred at the story,
Being much amazed at this Persons glory:
Therefore 'twixt grief or feare, joy, hope, or rage,

I thus replyed:
What mean these Changes? What has Time or Age
To do with us? What sodaine Change is this?
What glorious Guest? What Bird of Paradise
Does here attend us? What bright Angel's he
Has left the Palace of Eternity,
To grace my Funerall with his Presence? O
Perhaps he comes but to encrease my woe,
And tell me what high glory I have lost,
And what rare pleasures; oh my hopes are crost!
I have offended Heaven by sinne, and now
He's angry, and does furrow up his brow;
Or else it may be he is come to jest
A while, and rock me to eternal rest,
And in a trance shew me that glorious Throne,
Where high borne Saints attend the Holy One,
Glob'd by the breath of Angels, that poor I
Mightin my sorrowes, Swan-like, singing, die.

So

So ſaid the Viſion, then approached nigher
Rare flaſhes of delightfull love and fier,
Glanc'd from his eye, his treſſels dangled downe
By Art, his head was arched with a Crowne,
And in his hand a glaſs that made ſuch way,
Whoſe lab'ring ſands ſtrove to outrun the day,
And tire his horſe; the mantle that he wore
Lapt under his right arm, embroidered o're
With ſtarrs of orient Pearl, that ſtrove to ſhrowd
Their glimm'ring glory in an airy Clowd;
It was of Azure and the pureſt die,
Not much inferiour to the mid-day skie,
When *Sol* is in his glory; 'twas made faſt
With a rich Diamond, his face ſurpaſt
The Queen of Love, and his right arm did hold
A riſing Sun imboſt with pureſt Gold.
Thus in this gallant poſture having laid
His hand upon his hour-glaſſe, he ſaid,

Time's Meſſage.

Know fearful mortals, I *Apollo* am,
Who hearing of theſe ſorrowes, hither came,
From my bright Palace, and high ſpangled Throne,
Aloft, to put a period to thy moan:
I dwell above, higher than Eagles wings,
The breath of Fame, or majeſty of Kings;
There, where the lovely grey-ey'd morn perfumes
Her roſie Chariot with Sabean fumes,
Where *Geminies* are link'd with *Cupids* Yoaks,
And *Jove* ſits crowned with a grove of Oaks,

From

From Jealous *Juno*, where *Sols* horse to gaine
Th olympick hill, doth champ the frothy Reine
In fury, and with flaming nostrils dare
The frozen Artique, and the snowy Beare.
It's I, that chase the regions of the night
Away, those horrid shadowes that affright
Languishing Lovers; whose unknowne desires
Are vertuous, those circles of blue fires:
That doe from the infernall darknesse rise
Amaine, and glaunce before unquiet eyes,
That none of these from the *Iberian* glades,
May black the world with their inveterate shades;
And so it was in that same houre, when thou
Didst ope thy lips in that most holy vow:
That if the King of Heaven would please to smile,
And to thy time adde but a little while;
Then thou wouldst spend the remnant of thy years
In raining from thy eye-lids showers of teares
For thy black crimes, and then thy following dayes,
Should passe in purity, and be spent in praise.
Heaven heard thy words, and his all-piercing eye
Relented for thy sorrows, he did spye
Thy low estate, and sent me post away,
To stop deaths hand, and give thee longer day;
And here my message endeth, all thy score
Is wip't away, see that thou sinne no more,
Left Heaven be deaf, when next thou dost complain,
Live happy, thus I turne my glasse againe.
Simile.] At this Time vanisht too, and I began
To gather strength. Have you beheld a Man

New

New risen from a swound, whose wandring eyes
At first can scarce discover where he lies,
Till by the help of Art and Nature he
Gathers a little more capacity
To know the standers by, and with some paine,
Gets up upon his feeble feet againe.
So I recovered, new risen from the dead,
And live to pay what I have promised.
Which I shall doe, but this discourse I'le wave,
Onely three words I have brought from the grave
Unto three sorts of persons, they'l refer,
To th' Souldier, Poet, and Astrologer.
And first to thee thou Noble Son of Fame, (name
That from deep wounds didst strive to make thy
Ride o're the world, and for a little breath
Of praise, durst gaze upon the face of death:
I like that humour well in them that doe
Such things with Valour, and with Vertue too;
But you Hells Instruments that often dye
The earth with crimson blood, untill the cry
Of Widows, Mothers, Orphans too, are faine
With showers of teares to wash it white againe.
You that dispeople Earth, and poyson Aire,
And murder young and old; both foule and faire,
Children and Scholars, these that cannot stand
Against the opposition of your hand;
That strew your walks with bloud, and fire, and pay
The tribute of a bleeding wound a day:
Thou canst not fight with death, he with a frowne
Will make thee trembling lay thy weapons down,

Like

Like a base coward, though thy body be
Wall'd round about with armour Cap-a-pe.
And you that by the magick of your quill
Write language that can make alive, or kill,
And with your brazen Epitaphs endeavour
To make the dead survive, and live for ever,
That out-charme *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Mercurie*,
Apollo, *Cleo*, or *Melpomene*,
That write in hidden mysteries, and can prate
In rapture, and are Poets Laureat:
Ye Sonnes of *Phœbus*, you that can display
Upon the top of high invention, say,
What will you answer Death? Will all the charmes
Of Rhetorick, redeem thee from his armes?
Or if the twy-fork'd mountaine hide thee, will
Death feare to clamber up *Parnassus* hill?
No: then thy sweetest lines and choisest sense,
High Rhetorick is but fruitlesse eloquence.
Thou canst not charm him with a lyrick strain,
Nor can the Muses fetch thee back againe.
And last, to thee, that unto Heaven dost flie,
And with the Eagle mak'st thy nest on high;
That with thine Ephemeridis canst see
Saturne, *Jove*, *Mars*, *Sol*, *Venus*, *Mercurie*,
With all their Angulars, and Variations,
Their Sextiles, Squares, Trines, Retrogradations,
Conjunctions, Oppositions, fixed Signes,
Circular, Ecliptique, Equinoctiall Lines,
And calculatest for the following yeare,
Starres, Tropicks, Horoscoqe, and Hemisphere;

And

And art exceeding skilfull in the ſeaven
Celeſtiall Orbs, ſay Regiſter of Heaven;
Why doſt not flie from Death? Doſt thou not care
For the grim Monſter? Why doſt not prepare
For his approach? Or is thy wiſdome ſhewn,
In telling others fortunes, not thine owne?
Were I a *Merlin* or a *Rabulis*,
Skill'd like to *Ptolomee*, or *Copernicus*,
I'd take the winged morning and go ſhrowd
Into the boſome of an airy clowd,
Or ſaddle winged *Pegaſus*, and flee,
With the ſwift Eagle and Andromeche
Into *Joves* palace, where obſcured I
Might live eternally and never dye.
But Oh, that will not be, there is a power
Higher than theſe, and that ſame diſmall hower
Of death is hid from all, who can withſtand
The blow, and ward the terrour of his hand:
And on the other ſide, ſo no diſeaſe
Can take us off ſooner then heaven pleaſe;
No evill conſtellations of the Starrs,
Perills at Sea, nor wounds of bloody Warres;
Dangers of death, nor ſorrowes which impaire
Our health, infections nor corrupted aire,
Which I have found, when I lay at the doore
Of death, and all my hopes were given o're.
Juſt then *Sols* Chariot being in his fall,
Entred the houſe, they *Domus mortis* call;
And *Luna* entred *Scorpio*, which to me,
Preſaged nothing but mortalitie.

And

And yet I live, and better too, for here
I behold Angels of a higher Spheare,
Which ſung me amorous Eclogues: lullabyes;
And charm'd ſoft ſleep into my troubled eyes,
Eas'd my deluded fancy, put my braine,
And my Souls Organs into tune againe:
Oh how ſhall I adore you! you whoſe fiers,
With hallowed flames ſo ſweetly did inſpire
This better ſoule of reaſon: and did ſee
My paine, and came from Heaven to pity me:
How ſhall I ſerve you now? and die ſo pure
That I may come to that ſweet place where you are;
Where Saints and Angels arme in arme doe walke,
Through thoſe bleſt groves: whoſe ſweet diſcourſe & (talk
Is love: where we each other may behold
In everlaſting glory uncontroul'd;
To all Eternity: And Oh my God!
Hide all my faults in love, let not thy rod
Afflict for ever: why doſt thou take ſuch paines
With wormes? O'n waſh away my guilty ſtaines
With thy deare merits, that which is above
Deſert, & crown me not with Laurels, but with love;
And then, Oh then! though fooliſh fancies fill
My meaſured lines, and undervalued quill
With ſcorne, and though the baſeſt of all men
On earth ſlight the Geometry of my Pen;
Yet I will now goe ſoare a little higher,
And light my blazing torch with holy fire;
That my poore Tapor may reſemble thine,
Whoſe ſparkling glories are of fire Divine;

And

And when theſe lips ſhall faile to ſpeak, Oh then!
When all my earthly worke is done, and when
My pen is dull'd, and when I ſhall reſtore
Nature her debt, when I ſhall be no more:
Then grant without a blemiſh I may flee,
Into the Palace of Eternity:
Or ſhew me here the promiſed Land, that I
May live, and wander thither when I dye.

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Draw me, and I will runne after thee.

THus I, poore I, in Pilgrims weed obſcure,
Surround the world, yet faine away would fly
To Heaven, for alas I am too ſure
That if I am intangled here I dye.
Yet when I ſee this price is got with paine,
I ſet me downe, and count my labour vaine;
Reſolving to ſtand ſtill, or wander back againe.

2.

Sol's flying Horſe, whoſe noſtrils vomit flames,
And from their Lungs ſpit forth quotidian fire,
His Whips of flaming Wyre their ſpeed proclaimes,
Yet their Immortall ſpirits ſcorne to tyre,
Till downe th'Olympick hill they make their way
In freſh cariere, and *Tytan*'s glittering raye
Doth hurry to the ſhades, and *Sol* has done the day.

3.

But oh I tire; ſome Angells from above
Lend me your aid; is there no gentle hand,
To guide me to the Palace of my love,
And lead me priſoner to the promiſ'd land?
Alas theſe up-hill wayes are hard to trace,
I'm unacquainted with that holy place,
But run quite out of breath ere I begin the race.

4.

My weake deſires are but like ſodaine flaſhes
Of Lightning in unwholſome troubled aire,
And ſin like Thunder every minute daſhes
Me down, my deeds are farre more foule than faire:
When ſhall I end my race that run ſo ſlow?
Or how eſcape from Death that doe not know
The way that leads to Life? where, whither ſhall I go?

5.

If I ſhould fly to wealth, thats but a trouble,
And who can glory in uncertaine gaine?
And if I fly to beauty thats a bubble,
Wealth is but want, and pleaſure is but paine;
Earths gaine is loſſe, her ſweets are all but ſowre,
Her higheſt joy is vaniſht in an houre,
Aals all fleſh is graſs, Death crops the faireſt flower.

To

6.

To Heavens high Palace therefore will I ſteere
My wandring courſe, Oh that ſome gentle winde
Would fill my Sailes! why ſhould I tarry here,
And in this vaile of miſery be confin'd
To ſin and ſorrow? Lord let theſe my wayes
Be led by thee, and I will waſte theſe dayes (praiſe.
Which now I ſpend in Teares, in ſpeaking out thy

7.

Behold my Body how obſcure it lyes!
Alas Free-will is but an idle ſtory.
Can my dead heart, or theſe my Leaprous eyes
Direct me to the Palace of high glory?
Phœb with her ſable Hemiſphere would ſtray,
And every wandring Starre would loſe his way,
If *Sol* ſhould hide his face, the giver of the day.

8.

Let Love and Terror both together awe me,
I am the Starre, be thou my glorious Sun,
Thy light muſt guide me, and thy love muſt draw me,
I have no ſtrength to ſtand, no power to run:
Oh wound my boſome with an amorous dart
Of holy fire! the thoughts of what thou art,
Invites, incites, delights, my joy, my love, my heart.

The Soliloquie.

IT was in the day, when the Soule was armed with Vertue and unarmed Innocencie; singing her *Epithalamiums* among the trees of the Garden, like a Bird of Paradice. 'Twas then, when she could spread her airy wings, and fly to Heaven, chaunting her sonnets (with the *Hallelujahs* of Angels) in her well-tun'd Layes) to the delight of her Lover. Before, Sensuality, Security, Pride, Discourtesie, Opinion, and Disdaine, had blinded those well-form'd eyes, and blackt so faire a face; but now instead of Aspiring, he is Descending; instead of soaring to Heaven, he must goe sow the Earth, where his sweaty Pain must curb his aspiring Pride.

This was the day, if it might be called day, the latter part whereof was Tragicall; wherein (I think) the Sunne was muffled in a black, mantle of clouds which resembled ink put into water; and like a curtaine of night did overspread the Universe, as if they meant to banish out the day; or like another *Phaeton* into some unknown world to drive the flaming throne. The Heavens, that sometimes seemed to smile at Mans Innocencie, upon whose well-form'd body, if the Sun in his pride had shot a burning ray, then gentle *Zepherus* with soft and silken wings would fan

coole

coole aire upon him. But now the thundring Heavens and stormy Winds strive which shall be loudest; the first with their horrid cracks doe shake the Fabrique, as if they would break the Axletrees of the Earth, and hurle her from her Artique and Antartique Poles: The other with roaring gusts of wind boyle up such mighty waves, and shoot such angry surges at the Sun, as if they meant to drowne the day, or in their furie to wash away the world.

Thus Man is thrust out of Paradice, and instead of having converse with Angels, he is become a companion for Devils; he that aspired so much after knowledge, knows nothing now but that which he would not know: ah me! how is the beauty of Innocency become a map of misery? the Man that was made Immortall to live, hath now received Sentence to dye: ah me, how are the mighty fallen! he that was once the Image of Heaven, the Glory of the Earth, the wonder of the World, the pride of Nature, and the Angels true Idea, is now a curse to the Earth, and an offence to Heaven, borne to misery, and banisht out of glory: whose dayes of life are hasting, whose death comes on poasting, having no power to lengthen the one, nor friends to lament the other.

The symptomes of Immortality are gone, and sinne hath pust his power away; he that climbed, can hardly crawle, and he that had Feathers to fly, can scarce finde Feet to follow: for so much do the words of our subject import: *Draw me, and I will run after thee.*

 And

And now with a free will anſwer me, all free welwillers, you that have ſtill the power your Father had in Paradice, that can overthrow Sinne, and conquer Sathan; ſhut up Hell, and open Heaven; and baffle all thoſe principalities and powers, temptations and corruptions, which often in our Journey to Heaven doe make us lye becalmed; does not thine eye check to ſee our ſubject? does not thy heart ſmite thee to reade thine inability?

Peradventure thou wilt aske how God drawes the Soule? I could anſwer ſeverall wayes; God is not ty'd to the education, condition, meanes, time, matter, nor manner of his creature: And his wayes are above our thoughts, as far as an infinite Creator is beyond a finite creature: it is the prerogative of his grace, to draw one man one way, and another man another way; all of which for their number and nature are paſt our finding out, nevertheleſſe, I ſhall name five wayes, and they be theſe;

By his Workes.
By his Word.
By his Laſh.
By his Light.
And by his Love.

Firſt, God draws by his workes, and this I believe, would puzzle the Intellects of Angels to rehearſe, who I think are the fitteſt Orators to utter the glory of his greatneſſe; ſince they are not clou-

ded

ded with a vaile of flesh, but can behold those works of wonder, in a more perfect forme, which I believe doth not a little amaze those glorious creatures, while they bow before the Immortall throne.

What meanes the forming of this spacious universe, and the setting so faire a fabrick in such a curious frame; the Imperiall Heavens, where Angels sing Hallelujahs. I shall not speak of that sence, it passeth the highest capacity; and in relation of which, many abler pens than mine have been already dull'd; it being circkled with such brightnesse and glory, in such a capacious Orbe, that no mortall can behold and not drop downe and dye.

And when *Aurora* sets open her golden gates, in what a Majesty the Sun arises, as from a bed of Roses, to rouze up sleepy mortals, and lend his light to all, unmuzling Darknesse from the lower World: And with what swiftnesse doth he hurry through the Zodiack, adding Summers heat, and Winters cold, and sometimes a Medium when he mingles his fire with the cold and freezing Aire; and how welcome is his approach to the Earth, who against the returne of his Chariot wheeles, doth cast off her mantle of mourning, and adornes her selfe with costly fruits, sweet flowers, perfumed smells, rich odours, amorous glances, sweet smiles, beauty, bravery, dignity and glory, wrapt in a robe of the purest dye, and flourishing in a never-fading livery of green.

Beside, the Moon, Planets, and fixed Starres, and all those Royall Armies that spangle the Canopie,

that in their nightly Watches, they might adorne the darkned Throne, when Darkneſſe drawes a ſable Curtaine o're the Skie, and the Sun hath done the day: What ſhall I ſay, for the time would faile me to tell you of the Royall Armies of Heaven; their ſecret workings in their ſeverall Orbes, the Golden Mines, coſtly Jemms, rich Jewels of the Earth, her pompous Apparell, delitious fare, Phyſicall Herbes, gallant Fruits, ſweet Flowers, the wonders of Art, the hidden ſecreſies of Nature, that lye in the boundleſſe Earth; unſathom'd Sea, unſeen Fire, and perfumed Aire.

What meane the ſhining Lamps of Heaven, that chaſe away darkneſſe from the world; the dividing of the unruly Elements, the hanging of the Earth juſt in the Center of the Heavens: her wondrous motion between the two Poles, her equall diſtance from the flaming Chariot of the Sun, and the hidden region of Fire, leſt with contagious heate our hearts ſhould faile, leſt we ſhould ſuck up hot lightning, and imbrace in our boſomes Fire in the ſtead of Aire.

The workes of God have in all ages drawn Souls, as may witneſſe the Plagues of *Egypt*, the Proſperity of *Iſrael*, the overthrow of Nations, the claſhing of Kingdomes, the dividing of the red Sea, the Manna in the Wilderneſſe, the thundering of the Law on *Mount Sina*, the Birth of our Saviour, the deeds that he did, the Sick that were healed, the Eyes that were opened, the Devills diſpoſſeſſed, the Wicked con-

converted, the Lame that were cured, the Lepers that were cleanſed, the Dead that were raiſed, the calming of the Sea to the Diſciples, the Holy Ghoſt that was given to the Apoſtles, the draught of Fiſhes to *Peter*, the Viſion from Heaven to *Paul*. Theſe works of God (I ſay) have in all ages wrought on both Sinners and Saints, cauſing the one to admire, and the other to adore.

Secondly, God drawes by his word; and if it were demanded what word? I ſhould anſwer, the ſweeteſt words that Art or Love can frame, the word of the Goſpell, what directions, dehortations, what councels and comforts? what inticements and allurements? every Line is penn'd with Love, every Page hath its promiſe, that he that runs may read; and if it were not ſo, how ſhould the poore Pilgrim wander to the holy land? when on the one hand the world preſents him with riches, and rarities, honour and pleaſure, preſumption and pride, dignity, vaine-glory, ſtately buildings, coſtly, faire, trampling Horſes, rich Jewels, rare Muſick, inchaunting faces, amorous glaunces, ſweet ſmiles; when his journey to Heaven is ſtrewed with Briars and Thornes, difficulties and dangers, afflictions, deſertions, trialls, temptations; being deſpiſed, diſgraced, afflicted, tormented and abuſed with envy and folly, diſcourteſie, diſloyalty, opinion and diſdaine, and how often doe theſe poore Soules ſtrike Saile, and lye becalm'd? when the Heavens are covered with blackneſſe and darkneſſe, and the Sun of glory is mantled

in

in a ſable cloud, and hath turned the glorious morn into a gloomy day.

Therefore the Almighty wiſdome, thought beſt to draw by his word, and no part of his word ſo prevalent as promiſes, to ſupport the Soule in the midſt of ſorrow, they being the promiſes of this life, and of that which is to come; the promiſes of pardon of ſinne, of reſt for the Soule, of protection from danger, of deliverance from Feare, of communion with the Spirit, of fellowſhip with the Sonne, of eternall life, and the Fathers love; and how exceeding great and precious are they? great in the ſuperlative, the greateſt. All that we have, are nothing to promiſes: they are like *Spikenard* in the Kings Palace, or Manna in the Wilderneſſe: or *Solomons* Chariot paved with Love, or Balme in *Gilead*, or *Moſes* rod, or the ointment poured on Jeſus Chriſt, or that perfume that ran about the head of *Aaron*, being for our ſecurity in the poſſeſſion of the Prince of Peace, built upon the rock of ages: the Uſurer (it may be) hath ruſty proſperity, the high-borne flaſhy dignity, the Prodigall a puffe of Pleaſure, the Souldier a blaſt of honour: But tell me thou Silkeworme, or ſpeak thou glorious ſlave, how long will they laſt?

Many men have great Eſtates, but they have but a little time; the children of *Iſrael* murmured for want of bread, and 'twas that which made *Hagar* ſad, when her bottle of water was out, but you that travel to the holy land, your water ſhall never faile. Conſider then how they ennoble the minde, how they

make

make us partakers of the Divine Nature, how they purge away Sinne, and ſanctifie the Soule, how in all afflictions they give us ſtrong Conſolations, that there is no danger but we ſhall be delivered from it, no croſſe but we ſhall be able to beare it, nor no duty but we ſhall be able to doe it. Conſider how they open the Eares, how they enlighten the Eyes, how they direct the Feet to walke, and teach the Fingers to fight; how they give us reſt for wearineſſe, courage for faintneſſe, and kindle fire in the ſtead of feare.

Object. *But it may be objected, why doth God make promiſes of reward, if the Creature cannot worke? or why doth he command, when we have not ability to obey?*

Anſw. God gave Man his portion in Paradice, he was indued with excellency, when he came out of his hands, and God is not bound to give him a new ſtock, though he hath found out many inventions to run out the old. God is no more bound to preſerve us, than he was to create us, therefore Mans inability doth not diſcharge him from his duty, God ſtill reteineth his prerogative royall, though we have loſt a Subjects Loyalty, he hath not loſt his Kingly Dignity, but ſtill may command, though we (poor we) have no ability to obey! God calls on all men every where to repent, will it therefore follow Man can repent? No, but it is our duty to doe it, and our miſery that we cannot.

But farther, God hath made an everlaſting covenant

nant with us, and workes that in us, which he requireth of us, and hath undertaken to doe that which he hath commanded us to doe; *John* 6. 5, 6. therefore having removed this Objection, let us goe forward to see what strong consolation promises doe afford us; the truth of it is, the promises are those that make our lives comfortable in the world: we are travelling to Heaven, and all the portion we have is in promises, to assure us we shall lack nothing in our Journey, *Heb* 6. 17, 18. Thy portion is in thy Fathers hand, and therefore whether it be losses, crosses, temptations, desertions or persecutions that trouble thee; be contented, for ere long thou shalt passe through all thy poverty, and when thou comest home, shalt feed on husks no more; what joy will the Father and all his holy Angels make at thy arrivall? then all teares shall be wiped from thine eyes, and thou shalt soon forget thy light afflictions, and momentany miseries, when thou shalt sit smiling in eternity, and thy head impaled in such an exceeding weight of glory.

Thirdly, God draws by his Lash: *Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now I have learned thy Statutes*, *Psal.* 119. 67. but there being so many things extant for the supporting of afflicted Soules, I shall onely say thus much, that conquering is as well by stroking as striking; howbeit our Heavenly Father knowes best how to drive one, and draw another; who are to be affrighted with a frowne, and who to be allured by love; Linnen is made whiter by

Bucking

Bucking, and Woolen cleaner by Beating; Sufferings and Sorrowes come not upon us without a cause, though to them that have too little Faith, or too much of slavish feare, they serve but as Water in the Ship, or rough Windes to the Sailes, that sinks the one, and blows away the other, because they see not the hand that sends them, but like the Dogge, bite at the Stone, and minde not the Man.

Fourthly, God drawes the Soule by his Light: when night appeares in her spangled Canopie, and mounts her darkned throne, to follow her flying predecessor; when with too long delay she shakes her dewy locks, as she rides upon the backs of downy Ravens sleek and sable Plumes, and hurles black darknesse from her Chariot wheels, wrapping the world in a Mantle of mourning, by the charming power of her sable Hemisphere: then the forsaken Universe is lost a while, and drowsie Mortalls (rockt in her charming lullabies) in the midst of danger sleep secure: notwithstanding the terrors of the night, and the dangers of the dark, those fearefull visions, and strange apparitions that affright languishing lovers, and sometimes glaunce before unquiet eyes.

Thus the poore Soule, in the time of Ignorance, is like the *Egyptians* that grovelled in the darke, or the blinde *Sodomites* that could not finde the door, who were (in the midst of distraction) hurried to destruction: the first buried alive in the Water, the last burned to death in the Fire. Alas there is no coming to Paradice by pleasure, nor gaining Heaven by ho-

honour; not Honour nor Dignity, Pleasure, vaineglory, a Kingly Throne, nor a transitory Crowne. It is not coyne can purchase Canaan, nor Money merit Mercy; Nay, to come nearer, it is not Earths happinesse, nor the Creatures holinesse, Mans sincerity nor his mindes purity, that can merit Heaven; not by Prayers nor Promises, Duties nor Indeavours. Which when the Sun of Righteousnesse hath discovered to the Soule, (when he sees there is no contentment in the Creature, till it centers in the Creator; no satisfaction in it selfe, no rest in the Soule, but that the redemption thereof depends on another) therefore in a selfe abhorrencie, he mutters to himselfe these or the like speeches.

The World shall never have my heart no more, no, though I should sit at the upper end thereof in Princes Palaces, and had the peculiar treasure of Kings; though I were drest in robes of the purest die, and far'd deliciously every day; though I were drawne in a Chariot of *Ebonie*, or sate upon a chaire of Downe, or did ride upon the wings of Fame; though I had stately buildings, and could for recreation retire a while into curious Gardens, rare Walks, and gallant Groves, where I might heare the birds sing out their ravishing tones, in a well-measured evennesse, and be lull'd asleep with the still musick of murmuring Water, and perfumed Aire; though I had all the beauties of the *Arcadian* Court, and had every roome adorned with White, Greene and Blue hangings, fastned with Cords of fine Linnen and Purple,

Purple, and Silver Rings, and though my Bed were of Gold, hung round with Diamond and Pearle, and stood upon a pavement of Red and Blue, and White and Black Marble.

Deluding Vanities, I'le teare you from my heart, what doe you here weake chaines? my Pride presumed once you had the power to fetter Hell, and guard me from the terrors of the evill day; I once believed you could have brought content, when your delights dropt in my Soule like dew into the bosome of a flower; and thou poore flattered heart, whom oft I have esteemed pure; I thought my prayers once would open Heaven, and bring down Guardian Angels from the Canopie of Love, to catch my Orizons, and beare my night oblations to the holy one; but light doth chase these black delusions now, like darknesse from the rising of the morne; since I my selfe am nothing, I'le goe to him that hath the treasure of all: If he will please to except me, I will cease to be my owne, and live to his glory (no otherwise) that I might redeem those vaine-spent houres which I have throwne away.

Fiftly and lastly, God drawes the Soule by his Love: And here (sweet Readers) I should indite an Epithalamium of Love, but having lost my best Fancies with my Fortunes, I shall rather darken than dignifie so rare a Subject, set Hills on Hills, till they aspire above the lofty Alps, whose proud imperious Piramids, may serve as a Rampant against the

Suns

Sunnes rage, and all is below Love; 'tis not the treasure of the world in one, the wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rich Peru, nor Pearle enough to pave the Courts of Kings, mountaines of Silver, nor mines of golden Ore, that can buy Love: It is the mirror of Earth, the majesty of Heaven, the ornament of the Soule, the beauty of the Body, the glory of the Spheares, the upholder of the Universe, the delight of Man, the Dignity of Angels, the map of Honour, and the worlds great wonder. Which when the Soule once tasteth, how is it raised with Joy? how ravisht with Delight? how rich is he in Adversity? how merry in Misery? reckoning his Poverty, prosperity; his Afflictions, felicity; his Disgraces, high dignity, as having nothing, yet possessing all things; delighting in company, yet loves to be alone; praying for life, yet desirous to dye; counting his dayes but houres, and yet his minutes years.

And though this Soule may be as unwelcome to the Peacocks of the world, as Ink upon their Gorgets, Water in their Shoos, Dirt upon their Cheeks, or Ashes in their Eyes, yet he is borne of the Family of Heaven, and lives more high than they. His Drink is Wine of Consolation, his Bread the food of the Gospell, his cloathing the Armour of Righteousnesse, his Shield, the Shield of Faith, his Dowry the Kingdome of Glory, his Recreation is Religion, his Bed the bosome of *Abraham*, under the Canopie of Love, surrounded by Guardian Angels; where he doth (as well he may) teach sorrow how to sing,

sighing

ſighing his crying Elegies in Heavenly raptures, ſending many a groan to Heaven, that he might be diſſolved, till ſoft and ſilken ſlumbers cloſe his amorous eyes.

But is this Act our owne? can the blinde eye put a difference 'twixt light and darkneſſe? can ſordid Earth out-vie the ſhining Heavens? or a Candle vie with the glory of the Sun at the top of noon day? can deformity become purity? or Devils plead with holy Angels? can Poverty purchaſe Dignity? or the thing that is ſenſuall become ſupernaturall? Oh no! It is the worke of the Creator, therefore bow not thy glory to the Creature. That God ſhould come a wooing to thy Soule, to thee that hadſt no comelineſſe nor beauty! that God ſhould love thee, who hadſt no lovelineſſe in thee! that God ſhould lay out ſo much, and yet look for ſo little! that God ſhould ſpeak to thee, when Man onely ſpake to others! and that thou ſhouldſt feel his worke, when others did but here his Word! that God ſhould ſumme up thy Sighs, and bottle up thy Teares, and for a little infamy crowne thee with a Crowne of Glory! that God ſhould convert thee in the morning of thy dayes, and let others goe on till the evening of their age! that he ſhould give thee a token of Heaven, when ſo many thouſands drop into Hell! that thou ſhouldſt be converted with joy, when others have had thunder claps of *Mount Sinah* ringing in their eares, while they have ſailed through the Red Sea of ſorrow, in the midſt of the valley of *Achor*;

chor; thou hast been drawne by the still voice of a promise, thy wayes were strowed with Roses, thy footsteps washt with butter, and thou hast been allured by Love, and then that God should Metamorphose thy nature, and turne thee from a *Nabal* to an *Abigal*; from a *Demos*, to a *David*; from a *Judas*, to a *John*; from a Publican, to a Puritan; and then lead thee by an Eye of Faith, and the powerfull Arme of Love to trust thy Soule upon his bare word to all Eternity, whether thy Judgement may be Life or Death.

The Soules Trance.

Soul. I *Shall never be able to get any ease for my trouled heart, just such another fit of amazement fell upon me, when I read of the Vision from Heaven, that shone about the head of* Paul, *then was I in as great a straight as now; therefore I will say with him,* Lord what wilt thou have me doe? *If Man in Innocency, who was a piece of Excellency, the Image of Heaven, Companion of Angels, and Lord of Earth, had then no power to stand, how then shall I be secure from a fall? If he that resembled Heaven could not, then I that am like to Hell shall not; Oh my heart! how happy had I been, if I had died as soon as I was borne, or if these wretched eyes had never seen the day, then had I not seen mine owne deserved overthrow: but I will reason no more, the remnant of my dayes that I shall languish here, I'le give to Contemplation, and passe my wearyed*

time

time in Teares, and see if in the midst of sorrow I can weep my selfe away, and like a hunted Partridge hide my selfe,

——————————*For I*

Must waste my Soule in sorrow till I dye.

Christ. What Man art thou, that when Nights gloomy shades hath drawne her sable Curtaine o're the Sky, and banisht out the Day, durst stand to question Heaven; whose sacred name, thy black unhallowed tongue ought not to mention, but on thy knees with reverence: say, canst thou plead with him at whose command attend those sulphurous flames which *Ætna*'s fiery mouth doth vomit into Ayre, why is thy heart so full of carnality to dispute of Mans ability? and question Heavens love,—were all the powers of Hell come downe in Battle array, to beare thee captive in their furious Armes, though they should surround thee with hot Lightning, and cast their fiery darts to wound thee, as thick as Atoms in the Aire, yet I alone would stand thy fierce assault, and with a blow, I'de quell their pride, and set my Prisoner free.

Soul. *How comely is deformity beautified at thy approach? and all that blacknesse chac'd away, that darkned my understanding with a frowne; resembling the majesty of the Sun ushered by glory from his shining throne, but as it would be presumption in me to thinke I merit forgivenesse from thee, so would it be rebellion to refuse thy profered love, which is everlasting life, but I am unworthy.*

Christ. Poor Soul, remember how deare thou art in Heavens eyes, 'twas not the treasure of a thousand Worlds, Mountaines of Silver, nor Mines of Gold, promises of Men, purchase of Crowns, policy of States, purity of Saints, nor power of Angels, that could redeem thee from eternall death, till I did pay the price, and wilt not thou believe me now? except my profferred love, and let me lead through this darkned vale; thou canst not finde the way alone, see if I will not bring thee to my Fathers house, and lay thee under the Canopie of Love; though dangers were before thee as thick as Starres above thee, my hand should crush them all, and with an angry breath, I'le blast their fury in their height of pride.

Soul. *Oh my deare let me not see paradice in a vision! that when I wake it may appeare a dreame: I know thou canst doe all things, but I am so stained with Spots, and drest in raggs of such deformity, that I shall but fall as dirt upon thy Cheeks, or Ashes in thine Eyes; the best I have is but unwillling willingnesse, why dost thou descend below thy incomparable throne, to trouble thine eares with me? Alas what can I give thee for all thy paines, but Rebellion? and sure the saving of such a wretch as I, will not advance thy glory: but speak apace my Sighs, my best Orators, I faine would resigne my will to thee for ever, Oh guide and direct me for I am wholly thine.*

Christ. How comely are thy eyelids in their Tears, which sit upon thy face like *Arythrian* Pearl, with a Ver-

Vermylian dye, they ſhine like to the eye-lids of the morne, for when the Sun retires behinde a cloud a while, to weep alone unſeen, methinkes he lookes like thee; thoſe drops upon thy cheeks, are like the early dew that comes to kiſſe the Roſe, and in a Summer morne, doth fall into the boſome of a flower; the Courts of Kings, or Princes Palaces, are poor habitations, I had rather live with thee than with the greateſt Monarchs of the World.

Soul. *Oh what is there in me worthy of love? I ſhall be the unworthieſt Inſtrument that ever was made to celebrate thy praiſe; The Organs of my ſoul are all untuned; and every noble faculty of my ſpirit is obſcure; I am poore and deſpiſ'd, and the world rejects me, but 'tis no matter, if thou wilt love me, though I be hated of all: but how ſhall I ſpend my weary houres when thou art gone away?*

Chriſt. I'le ſend the Spirit to beare thee company, when thou doſt ſit alone, and ſometimes dropſt a teare, his hand ſhall wipe it away, and glad thy heart; teach ſorrow how to ſing, and when thou walkeſt abroad, a guard of Angels ſhall ſecure thee from injury my love.

Soul. *When I am ſad alone, my buſie thoughts ſhall fly on wings of contemplation, and ſee thee in Heaven, and I will watch and pray till ſtealing ſlumbers with ſoft and airy wings, ſhall bring my languiſhing Spirit, to the Viſions of Eternity, where I may dream of thee; and when I wake, I'le walk and view the world, and when I ſee the ſpangled Canopie, and behold the*

wondrous motion of the Orbs, I'le thinke upon thy glory there.

Christ. I'le goe prepare a place for thee, a place in eternity above the teeth of time, there where the grey-ey'd morne ushers the flaming Chariot of the day, surrounded in brightnesse and glory, where we will dwell in temples not made with hands, in streets of Gold like to transparant glasse; and when the houre-glass of thy life is run, and time hath brought thy journey to an end, I le dresse thy temples in a victors Orbe, and arch them with a Crowne.

Soul. *Well, while I live here, I'le be exceeding humble, (and if I can holy) in all my actions, I'le resemble thee. If sinfull thoughts begin to staine my Soule, I'le weep them o're ere I have thought them out. If I am abused, I will get upon the wings of prayer, and tell thee all my wrongs, my life shall be a continuall repentance; I will not back-slide, rather than so, I will wast my Soule with Sobs, and Sigh away my Body into aire.*

Christ. Farewell, dearest farewell, make hast and meet me in Heaven, let not the assaults of sin daunt thee, but with an Heroick heart stand the fiery trialls; remaine as spotlesse as my love; I will goe before to the Palace of Peace, scituated in Eternity, the purest milke white robes shall be our vestments for the Marriage day, and our Musick the Halleluja's of Angels, run then with patience, for when thou comest to the end of the race, I will welcome thee home,

——— And wee'l knit fast the bands
Of Marriage, and in glory joyne our hands.

Soul.

Soul. *And doth this empty world deserve thus much of me, to steale my heart in the prime of all my age, that I should lift up my voice in my best tunes, chaunting amorous Sonets hourely to its praise? no, every of these have left me now dull melancholy, the picture of my sorrow, Oh how the object of my Soules delight did please himselfe to incourage me! did I enioy that happinesse for ever! I should have some of Heaven here, but now what joy have I to live, whose life is but a trouble? this world, this poore, this low, this transitory world, is but a scene of sorrow, 'tis but a dying life, or living death, and that which troubles me is, how long it will be ere I shall have his company againe: when he went away, me thoughts he resembled the fled Sun, when downe the Westerne world he drives his teem, leaving the Universe in a mantle of mourning, and I could wish my night were coming too: why do I languish thus? since I cannot see his face, I will goe heare his word, that I may learne to doe his will, methoughts he bad me fight against temptations, and look for fiery tryalls, I will doe it; and for the love of him I will passe a thousand dangers,——*

——In which my courage shall,
Stand up Victorious, or in battle fall.

Ye Sons of Honour, Heires of Glories Crown, whose sacred feet must trample the Holy Fields; what is it that makes you sing in sorrow, and glory in your shame? that crownes your hearts with courage? and beautifies your faces with a smile? that sets fortitude upon your browes, and places sweetnesse in your amorous

rous eyes? that doth advance you in adversity, makes you rich in poverty, and glory in indignity, is it not Love? what is it that will keep up your spirits at that Dreadfull Day, when the Trumpet shall be sounded, the World shall be startled, the Graves shall be opened, the Dead shall be raised, and the Unjust shall be Judged? will it not be Love? when the Fabrick of the World shall be shaken, and the Axletrees or the Earth broken, and Time shall lose his way, when the Kings of the Earth, and all their mighty Armies shall looke pale, and their winged Bulwarks grapple, and their battered Kingdomes fly about their eares in clouds of dust, when the Spheres are sweltring in flames, the Earth surrounded by fire, and hissing windes beat Thunder out of Aire; when with terror from on high, the day shall be as black, as if *Don Phœbus* frighted from his chaire, lest ugly darknesse on his Chariot wheels: and indeed, Love may be compared to Wine, with which Kings sometimes have drunke themselves to such a height of kindnesse, that they have remembred Majesty no more: alas every Christian hath his crosse, every day its difficulty, every time its trouble, and every action a severall temptation; the best of what is here, is but Sunshine mixt with Raine, sweet with sower, and every smile intermingled with a frowne; but then ye shall put off your filthy garments of corruption, and be dreft in the habit of Heaven, out of the wardrop of glory, and be entertained with the pleasures of Paradise, where there are incomparable delicates for the taste, sweet perfumes for the smell, rare musick for the Eare, ravishing objects for the Eye; where thou shalt lye on a Bed of Roses, in swelling soft Eternity, and be lul'd in Angels armes; but it being beyond description, too high for imagination, impossible for the minde to conceive it, unlawfull for the tongue to utter it, I shall conclude the Book, for methinkes a gloomy Cloud doth stop the passage of my Pen, and I can write no more.

FINIS.

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